

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

CAMP AND CANOE.

LAKE KAHPELKOG,

Nov. 3rd, 1894.

Dear Sam :

Several things have happened since I last wrote, and it is difficult to believe that this is the autumn rather than the summer, so beautifully mild has the weather been. The old Latin exercise book tells us that hunger is the best sauce. I can go farther and say that this is the land where hunger dwells. Here we do not seem to eat to live, we simply live to eat, and if Parit can occasionally "elevate his quills like the fretful porcupig," at other times he can cook the juicy venison steak as no other "chef" can ever hope to do, and the soups he turns out are of the heaven born order—that is if soups are to be served in a better world, Parit will furnish the receipt. Note the enthusiasm with which I write, this dear Sam is the land where appetite stands first at all times, and if I write a series of poems they will all be on edible subjects. I referred to venison steaks. Yes, we have them every day, three times a day, and sigh for them oftener. The mighty buck has fallen, and great was the fall thereof, and thereby hangs a tale. It is a rule in this camp never to destroy what cannot be used, and no one ever shoots a deer out of his turn. We decided that as Charlie L. had never had a chance to develop buck fever it would be a shame not to give him an opportunity, and Pompey who was also a novice declared, that as he had never slain anything in his life beyond an occasional mosquito, he did not propose to commence now. He was quite content to see Charlie acquire all the glory to be had from the downfall of the bounding buck. Late one afternoon Parit and Charlie left in the canoe, Parit paddling and C. fond-

ling a 38 calibre Winchester. Just before dusk the deer come down to the water to drink, and often it is possible to get a good shot. They had got down nearly to the heronry which I shall describe some time, when Parit suddenly stopped paddling, and in a loud whisper, said : "See the buck on the shore just in front, take plenty of time and aim behind the shoulder." Charlie peered anxiously in front, and was completely nonplussed, for "never a deer" could he spy. "Great Scott," pleaded Parit, "can't you see that deer just behind the log, he will be off in a moment if you don't fire." But the deer was not even startled, and continued to feed quietly, the wind fortunately blowing from him to the canoe, and the hunters being still as statues. Parit could not make Charlie even guess where the deer was for a long while, he evidently was looking for something as big as an elephant, but finally he was made to understand that a vague patch of grey was the deer, and tremblingly he took aim. Bang went the first shot, but the deer merely looked up surprised, in fact C. fired three times before the animal condescended to move—the fourth shot broke a front leg, and then off went his lordship with terrific speed. Charlie suddenly braced up, the fever disappeared, and he redeemed himself by making a magnificent shot, stopping the deer just as he was disappearing over the edge of the bluff. The animal proved to be a three year old buck, in grand condition, and with a set of magnificent antlers. The last shot had broken his back bone, and death came very quickly. It is really a dreadful thing to see these magnificent creatures die, and I never witness the tragedy without vowing that this is the last time I will be in at the death ; but like Rip Van Winkle I temporize, and I feel that I will just